

DEATH VALLEY

Scotty

by

TOM G. MURRAY



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Would You Enjoy a Trip to Hell?

Probably you would not. At least we will suppose so. Even if you would enjoy it there is no hurry about starting. If you are going you will do so sometime without having to plan ahead of time.

You Might Enjoy a Trip to Death Valley, Now!

It has all the advantages of hell without the inconveniences. It is a wonderful country with all the weird mysticism of Dante's Inferno, marvelous scenery, strange romanticism, fabulous wealth and absolute novelty. If you would enjoy a change from ordinary city life and fashionable summer resort outings you would find it here. You would see and learn of things of which you have never dreamed. *An automobile trip through hell* would certainly be a novelty. Such an excursion through Death Valley would be no less wonderful and much more comfortable. You may have this. If you are interested write to

The Mining Advertising Agency, Greenwater, Cal.

from the Death Valley Chuck-Walla

April 1, 1907

Death Valley Scotty

Photography and Layout

BY TOM G. MURRAY

To the Memory

*Of my Mother and Father, Elizabeth G. and Michael J. Murray
of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
and my dog, Bing*

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DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY

Death Valley Scotty was born in Cynthiana, Kentucky in 1872. He said he was a grandson of Commodore Perry and that his Mother was a Tennessee beauty. Scotty whose real name was Walter Perry Scott never finished school.

He was only ten when he first came to Death Valley in 1882 carrying water for the government surveyors earning one dollar a day. At twelve he got a job as cow-hand and got a better look at Death Valley while driving a herd of cattle across that desolate land of mystery and shifting sand.

Scotty was only fifteen when he joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. He performed before royalty and consorted with the rich and elite but always with his hat on one side and tongue in cheek. The King of Spain gave Scotty a cigar and he nearly got fired when he made the remark, "I'll save the stump for Bill."

Notoriety came to Scotty in 1905 when he chartered a Santa Fe train, "The Coyote Special" and made a speed dash from Los Angeles to Chicago in forty-four hours and fifty-four minutes, faster than any mortal man had ever traveled before. Scotty told me, "We went around one curve so fast the cook stove flew out the window." After this exploit "Fabulous" was added to his name because he showered gold coins on the crowds that lined the way. His name was spread across every front page and he became the toast of the nation. Back in Death Valley, Scotty was a different man who with his mules faded away for months into the hills and canyons only to appear again bulging all over with G-O-L-D. Scotty had this to say about his secret mine. "I haven't got any mine, a mine is property located and recorded. Where I get my metal is government land open to anybody. All you got to do is find it." It is true that Scotty had a wealthy partner, Albert Mussey Johnson an insurance executive from Chicago. Some claim that Johnson was his secret gold mine but no one has explained where Scotty got all his money which he spent so freely before he met Johnson.

Scotty roped people into one of three groups, "Scissorbills" wealthy people who didn't work except being armed with scissors they clipped coupons. "Ringtail" the average John Doe. "Spoonbills" people born rich with bales of money.

In his final year Scotty had been ailing and made a trip to a hospital in Las Vegas. On January 5th, 1954 word was flashed across the nation and around the world that the man who was a legend in his lifetime had passed away in Death Valley. According to his wishes Scotty was buried on a hill overlooking his famous Castle. Of it he said, "That ought to last a thousand years or so. That's something like the Pyramids to remember Scotty by, a long time after I'm gone."

HOW DEATH VALLEY GOT ITS NAME

William Lewis Manly, one of the great heroes of the 1849 Death Valley Party said: "The weary emigrants looked back across the valley that caused them so much privation and suffering and cried, "Good-bye Death Valley!"

(Be sure and read Manly's wonderful book, "Death Valley In '49")

DESERTS

Here we find no dark skinned Arabs
Hunting men with sword and spear
All our horsemen ride on burros,
They are hunting men out here.
So Sahara sleeps in quiet,
Doing only what she must.
While these western desert people
Swear they'll make a stake or bust.

The Death Valley Chuck-Walla

—April 1, 1907

Bright Angel—

A colt from a captured wild burro.



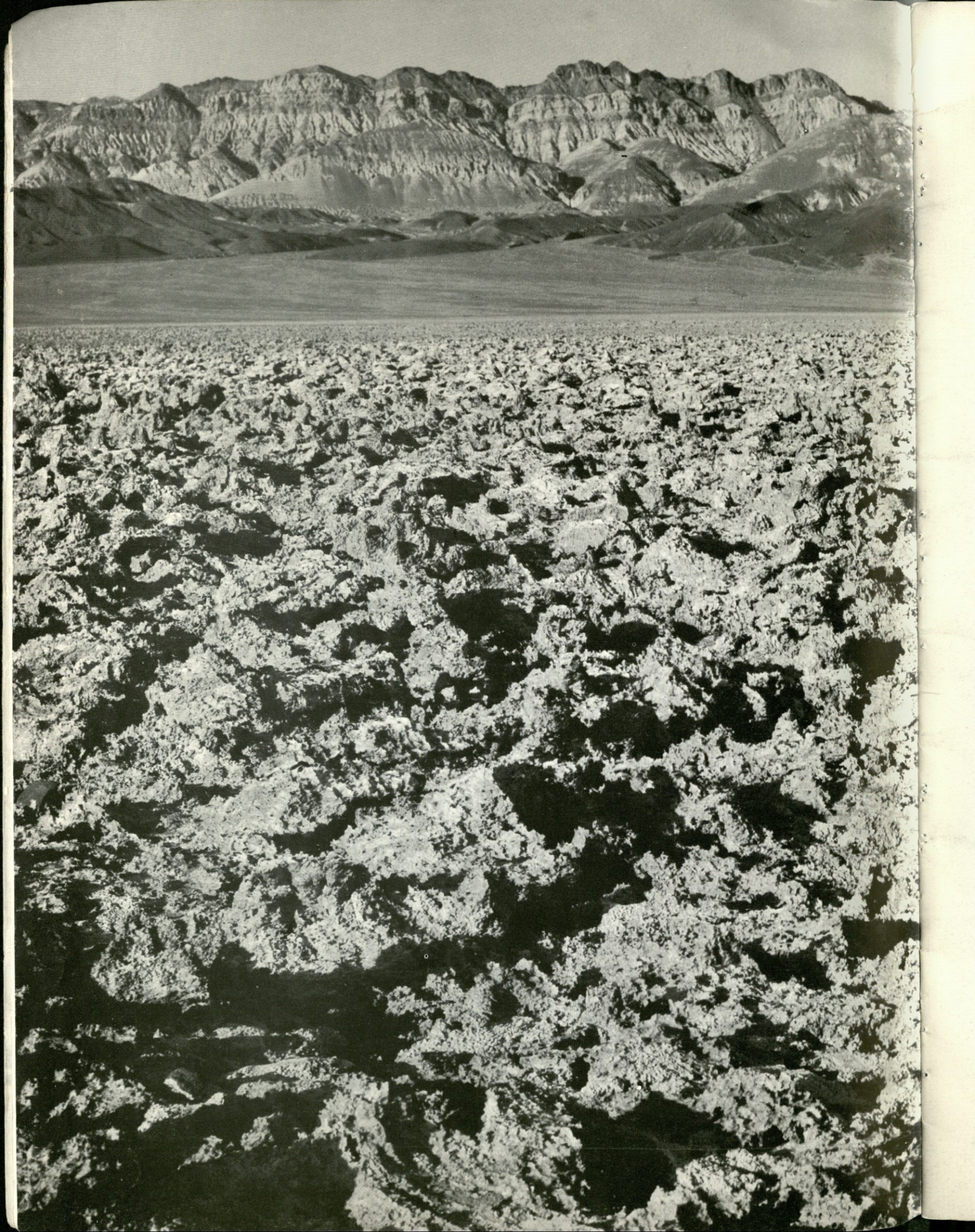


PHOTO—COURTESY AMBROSE MEYER

Death Valley Scotty when he rode with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show. The King of Spain gave Scotty a cigar, he almost got fired when he was overheard to say, "I'll save the butt for Bill."



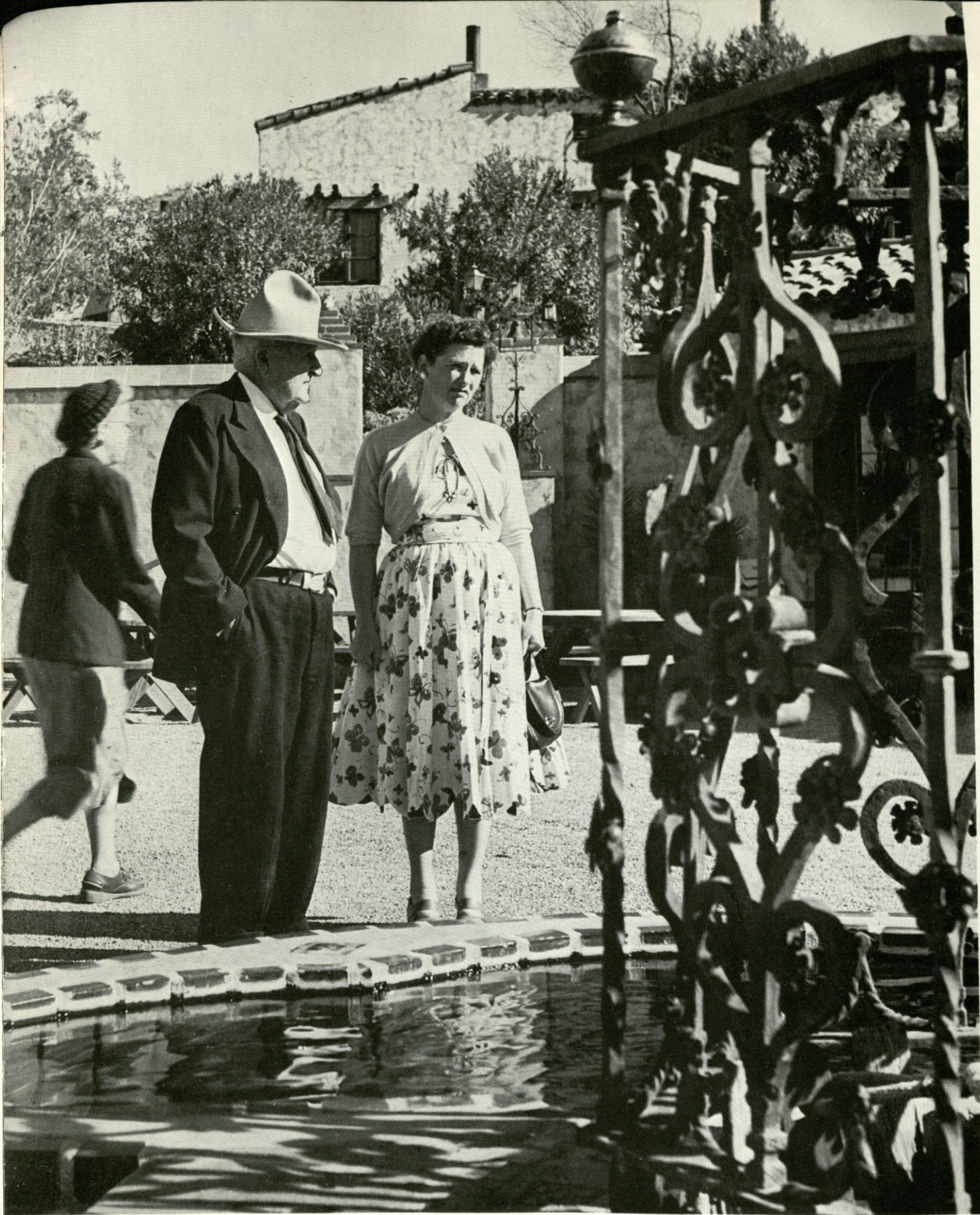
Entrance to Death Valley Ranch—the lettering is carved in wood.





Remembrance of the past, taken at Calico, a ghost town on the edge of Death Valley.

◀ The Devil's Golf Course, the floor is rock salt more than 1,000 feet deep. It caused much hardship to the early pioneers.



Scotty's delight in his last few remaining years was to mingle and talk to the tourist. In a kindly way he often referred to them as those Em-O-grants. Shown here in front of the fountain where he watered his mules.

Death Valley National Monument was established in 1933, it covers almost 3,000 square miles. The valley itself is about 140 miles long and ranging in width from 4 to 16 miles.



Ubehebe Crater is the result of a series of explosive eruptions which made a crater one-half mile wide and eight hundred feet deep. The eruptions believed to have occurred from one thousand to two thousand years ago.

Scotty entertaining guests in the great hall at the Castle. A soul of hospitality and one of the great story tellers of the West.



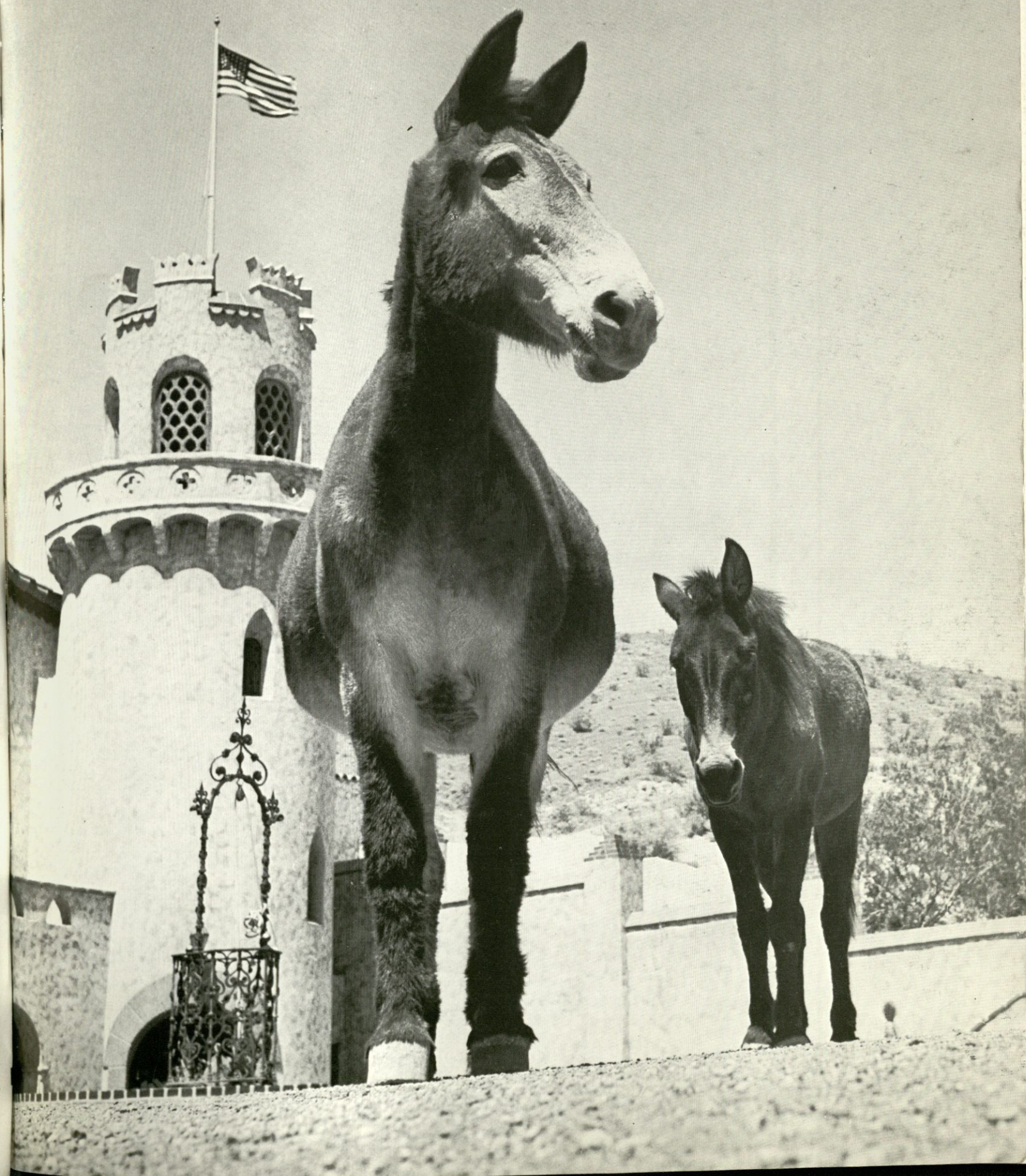




Scotty was eighty when this photograph was taken, he talked and looked as keen as in his younger days when tales of hidden "gold mine" and his desert Castle were nationally publicized.

The last of Scotty's mules, Goldie and Betty, she was forty-nine years old when this photo was taken in 1953. They both lived several more years before joining Scotty at his "Gold mine in the Sky."

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g Scotty at







Goldie free-loading from guests at the Castle.

Someone asked Scotty what the trucks at the Castle were used for—"The trucks are used to haul hay for the mules, the mules haul gas for the trucks."

◀ Patio showing overhead bridge which links the main Castle to the annex.

SCOTTY'S CASTLE

It's a mad dream come true in a desolate canyon over a hundred miles from a railroad or town—utter desert all around—in Death Valley, the hottest, driest spot in America.

Out of these scorched mountains, squeezed by the weight of them, leaks a little magic brook of water — here Scotty dreamed of a Castle—and said to himself, "This is the place,"

—here where it was so still—why that whisper sounded so loud it just had to be.

To me Scotty was a Barnum, Munchausen, Don Quixote and Rip van Winkle all in one. Today you can visit this Castle and you will find (as I did) that Scotty is there — everywhere — you can walk right into his dreams—the good folks at the Castle know all this — his dogs do too—and a sweet lady dweller—after I had looked at a new batch of kittens — told me — this for sure — that Scotty loved the little strangely spotted one — and you know somehow I was sure of it.

Your Editor hopes some day to sleep the night in Scotty's bed—to look up at the pictures of Buffalo Bill, Pawnee Bill, Annie Oakley and Will Rogers, then put his head on Scotty's pillow and try to redream some of the old Showman's Million Dollar Dreams.

Any redblooded man in the West can tell you how to get to Death Valley —





The cabin where Scotty and Johnson lived in the days before the big Castle was built. It is still standing behind the main guest house.

◀ From—Harry Oliver's "Desert Rat Scrap Book," Old Fort Oliver, 1000 Palms, California.







The Chimes Tower.



Ruins at Harmony Borax Mill.



Members of the Death Valley '49ers relive the original pioneers at Stove Pipe Wells.



Betty calling—S-C-O-T-T-Y!

"Horses are just mules with spats and real mules don't need a barn."



Scotty and his beloved Windy. Scotty's reply to anyone asking Windy's age, "born ten years before the democrats."



Scotty and his beloved dogs, the black one, Chief, and the ever present Windy.

Scotty loved his mules and bought the best that money could buy. They could bite him, one once blacked his eye "kissing him" but he loved them.

BETTY





Zabriskie Point in Death Valley National Monument (near Furnace Creek) was caused by cloud bursts on Tertiary lake beds. The surface of these deposits, once soft, has become clay-like again by weathering.

"I play to the gallery and keep two campfires ahead."



Scotty in a jovial mood.
May, 1953

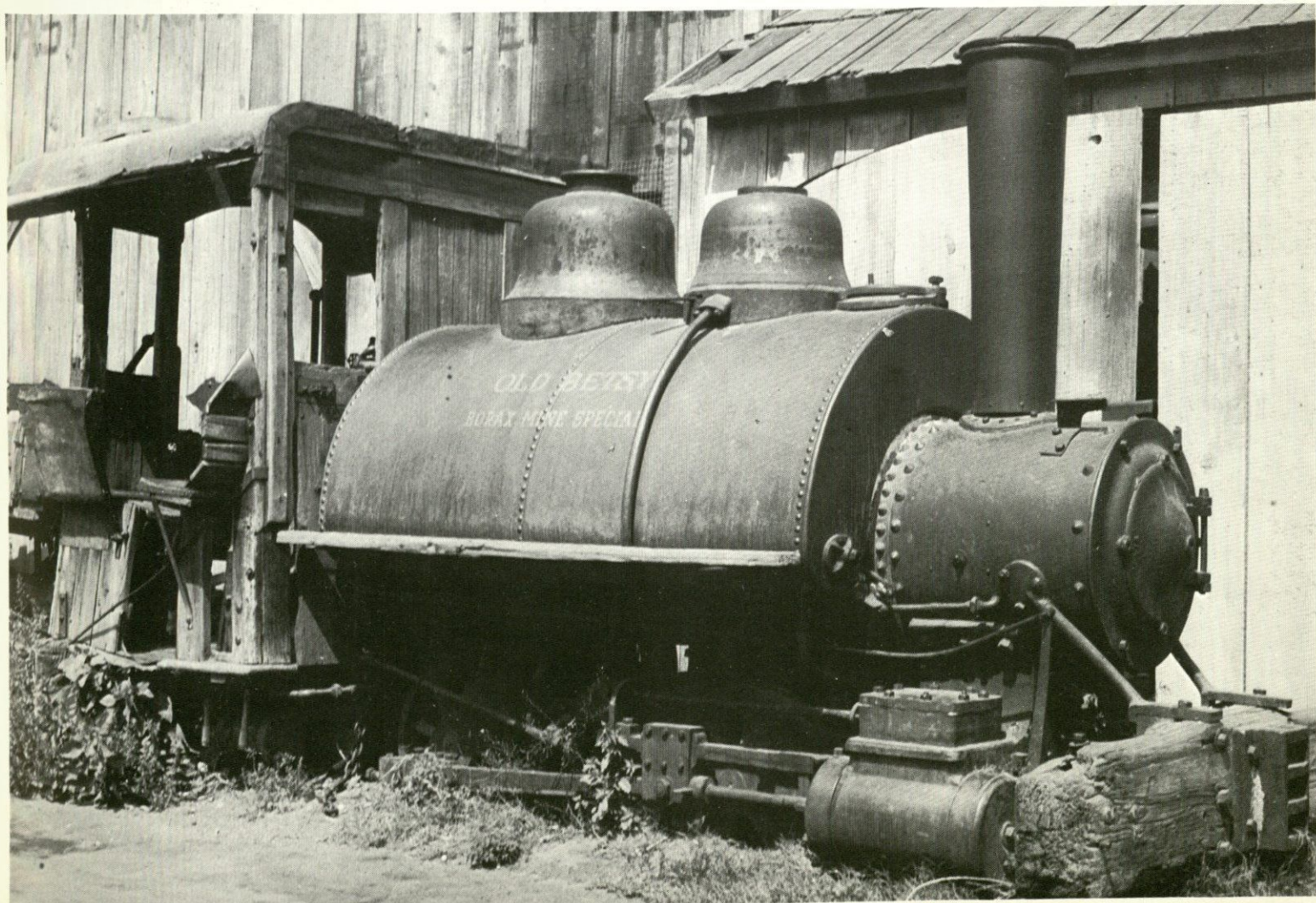
"A thousand years from today the emigrants will be driving by (Castle) and wondering what it is all about — if anyone should ask me what it is all about I'll tell them I don't know!"



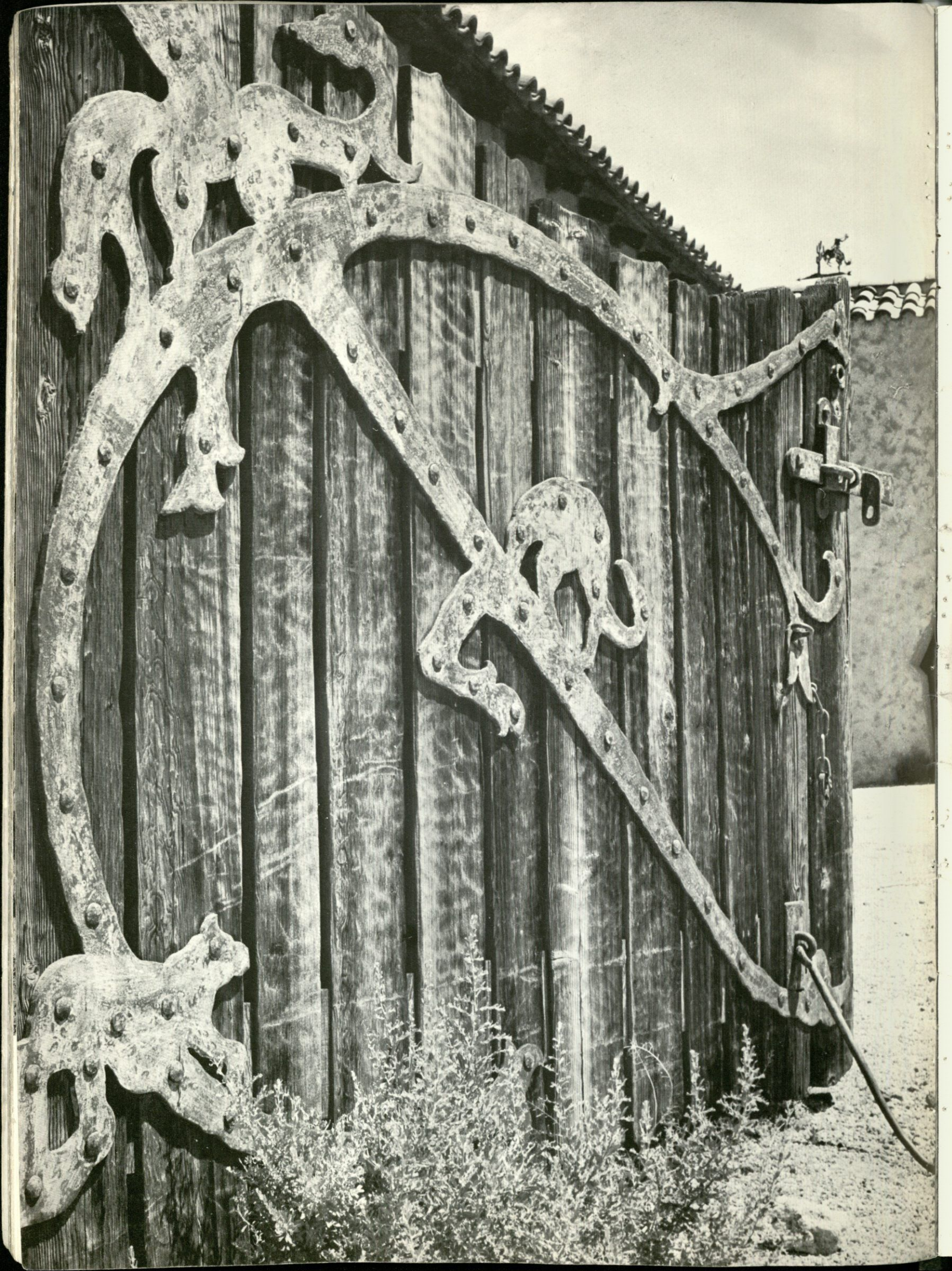
Scotty's old stage better known in those days as a mudwagon. When the stage ran out of roads the mud wagon took over. This one made the run from Goldfield to Tonopah.



Scotty's old car with 1923 California license tags—620-975.



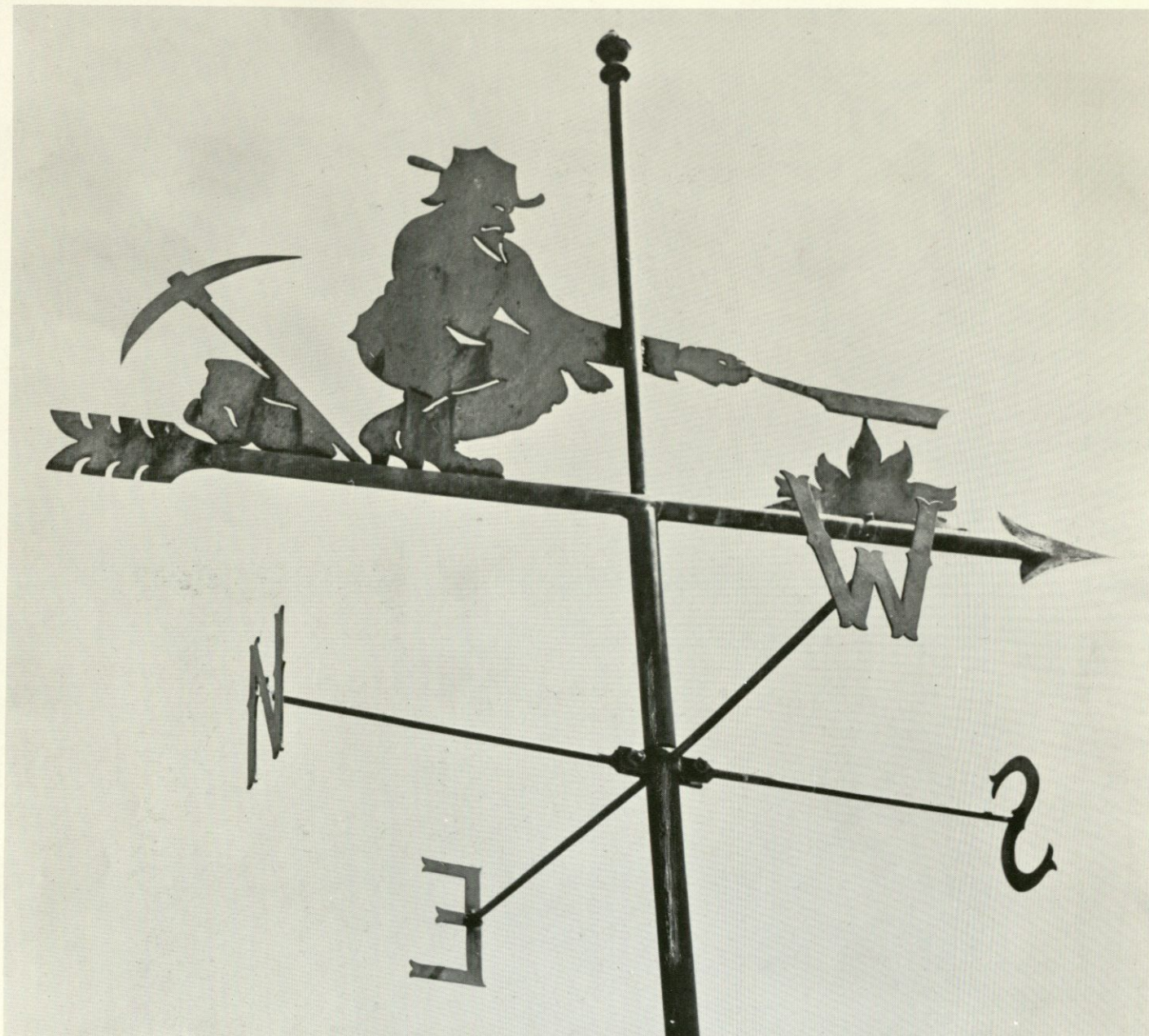
Old Betsy hauled borax in Death Valley.





It is amazing that for over fifty years Death Valley Scotty held the headlines. No other man has even come near that record except George Bernard Shaw. Even in death the legend of Scotty continues to grow.

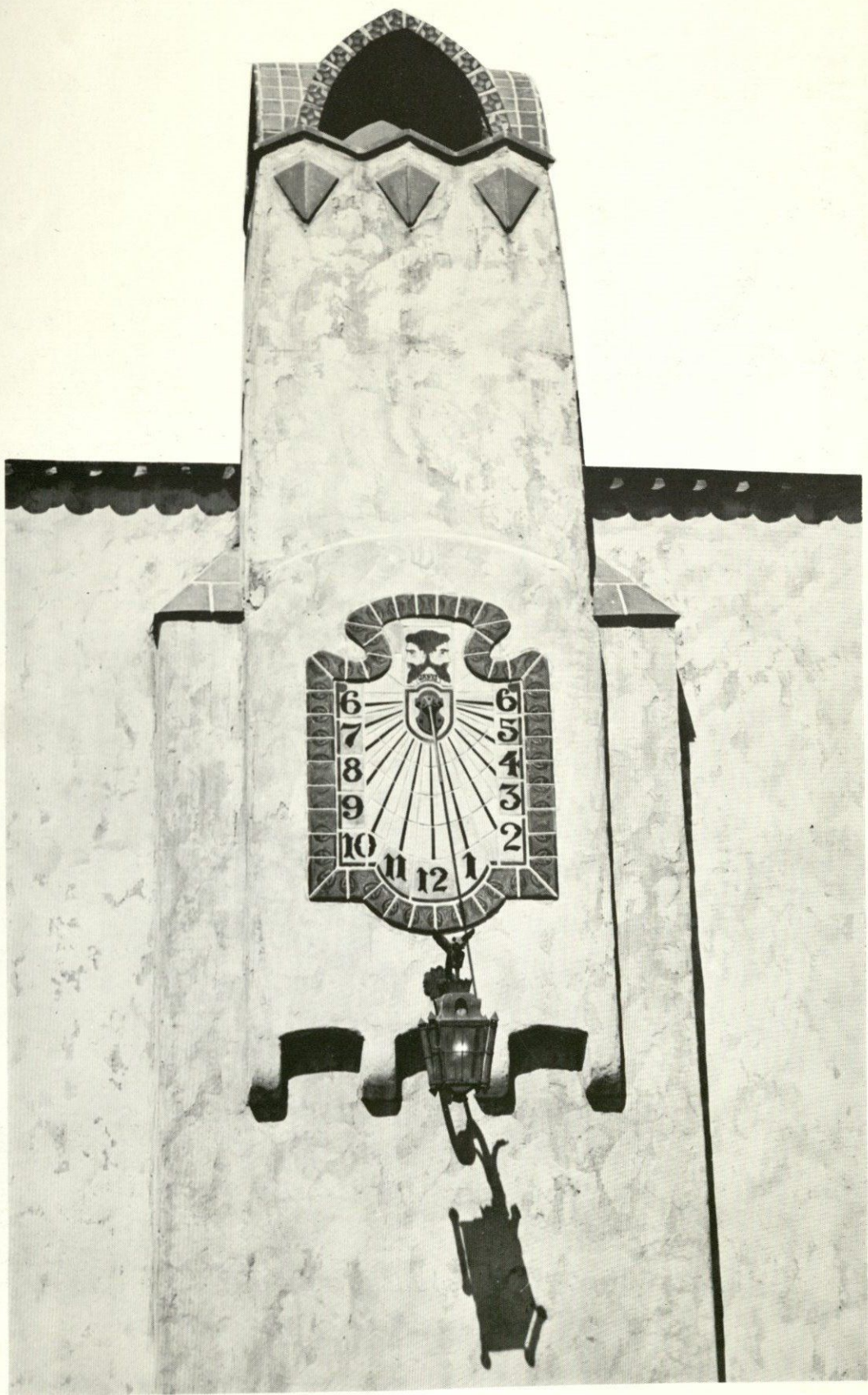
The Castle has one of the finest displays of hand wrought iron work in America. It was executed by Germans who are the finest workers of iron in the world. This giant hinge is one of four on the main gates of the stable.



Weather vane on one of the Castle Towers shows Scotty frying bacon, it is one of several vanes and was featured in Robert Ripley's "Believe It Or Not."



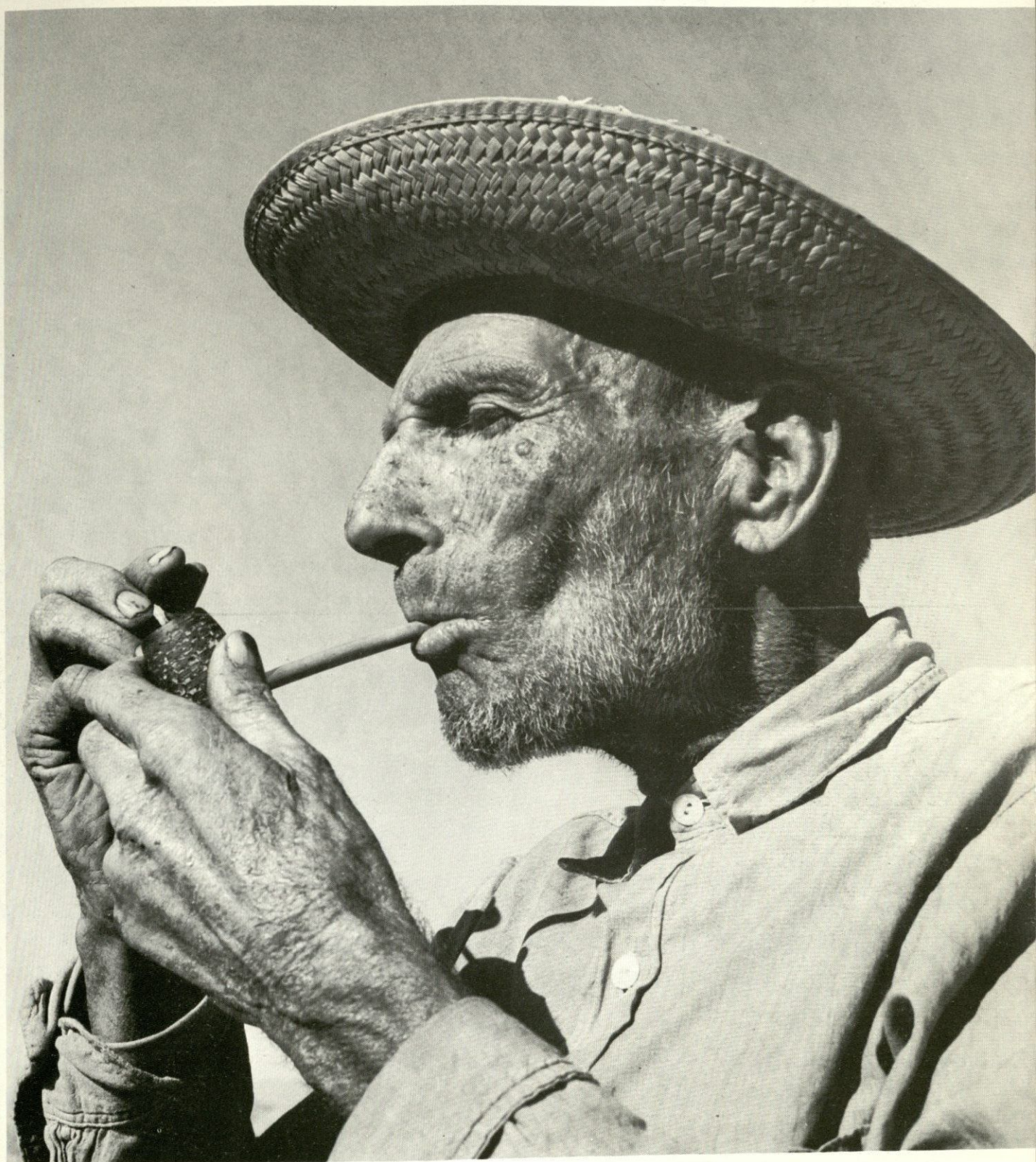
The roads in Death Valley are well posted.



Sun dial on Music Room wall, placed so that when Mr. Johnson looked out of his bedroom window he could read the correct time.



Scotty's famous partner Albert M. Johnson. They first met in 1904 and with pack trains explored the mountains and canyons of Death Valley. They shared a great friendship and many campfires until the death of Johnson in 1948.



SELDOM SEEN SLIM

An old friend of Scottys and one of the last of the famous Death Valley Prospectors. Ralph Merritt went to see Slim, he wasn't home but nailed to his cabin was this sign, "You S. O. B. don't take anything; I might be watching you."—Seldom Seen Slim



The Last Time I Saw Scotty
The over hanging poles cast a shadow of a cross on his back.

SEE
PAGE 11,
PART 1

9 A.M.
FINAL

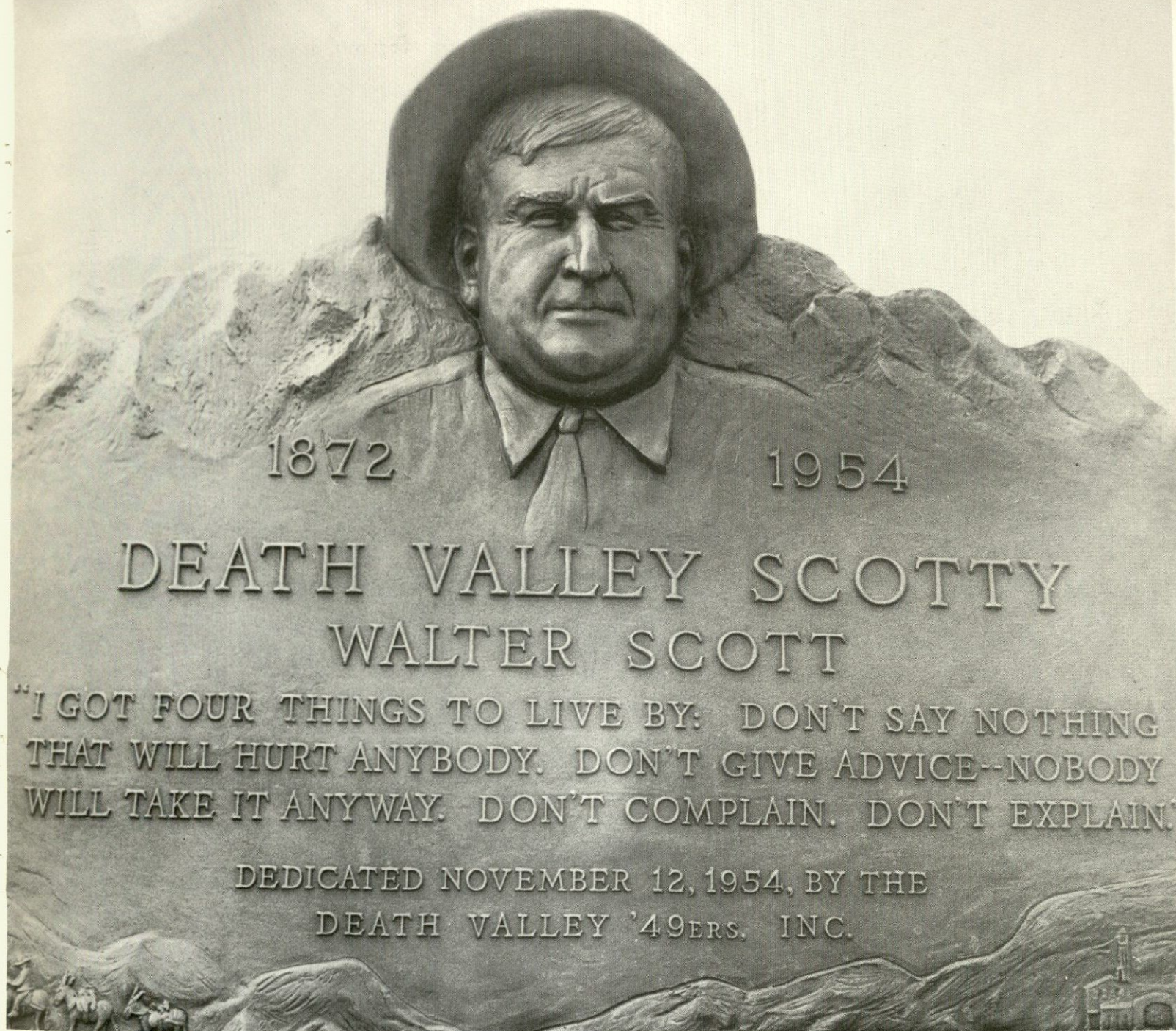
DAILY: 10

ment of Rose Parade is captured and preserved Number for 1964—now on this New Year's Day event used it, this souvenir issue of the highlights of both the parade and the Rose Parade and Number also features magazine spotlights on the fabulous scenery, indomitably by filling in the conch appears on Page 4. Readers can send friends everywhere countless hours of fun Number—a souvenir of the colorful New Year's celebration on sale at Street in California.

"If I should die tonight, just tell the world I had a run for my money."



On a hill overlooking the Castle is the grave and memorial of Death Valley Scotty. It was Scotty's wish to be buried here.



Plaque by Cyria Henderson

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY

1872 — 1954



Scotty had character coming and going.

From—Harry Oliver's "Desert Rat Scrap Book" ►



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BROWN.

This Editor as he writes this wonders who Scotty will look up first — Buffalo Bill, Johnson, Dad Fairbanks, Shorty Harris, Annie Oakley or some friend of old Goldfield Days? It matters not, they will all be glad to see him.



RELICS OF DEATH VALLEY

Miner's Pick, basket by Panamint Indians, Gold pan, and skull of a Death Valley Bighorn Nelson Sheep whose eyes are like pools of liquid gold.